

Troilus and Cressida.

And thou most reuerend for thy stretcht-out life,
I giue to both your speeches: which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare *Vlysses* speake.

Aga. Speake Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of lesse expect:
That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen
Diuide thy lips; then we are confident
When ranke *Thersites* opes his Masticke iawes,
We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.

Vlyss. Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.

The specialty of Rule hath bene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.

When that the Generall is not like the Hue,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vntworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.

The Heauens themselves, the Planets, and this Center,
Obserue degree, priority, and place,
Institute, course, proportion, season, forme,
Office, and custome, in all line of Order:

And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill;

And postes like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?

What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The vnity, and married calme of States

Quite from their fixt'ure? O, when Degree is shak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high designs)
The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,

The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,

And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meeres
In meere oppugnantie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,
And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:

Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong;
(Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Justice recides)

Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.
Then every thing includes it selfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)

Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
And last, eate vp himselfe.
Great *Agamemnon*:

This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,

Followes the choaking:
And this neglectiō of Degree, is it

That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,

That next, by him beneath: so euery step
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.

And 'tis this Feauer that keeps Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.
Nest. Most wisely hath *Vlysses* heere discover'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.

Aga. The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Vlysses*)
What is the remedie?
Vlyss. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,

Hauiing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazic Bed, the liue-long day

Breakes scurrill leets,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleffe deputatiō he puts on;

And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the wooden Dialogue and sound
Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Staffolage,

Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnusquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,

Would teemes Hyperboles. At this fustie stuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)
From his deepe Chest, laughs out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iust.

Now play me *Nestor*; hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he, being drest to some Oration:
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends
Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,

Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent,
'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age

Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,
And with a palse fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this sport
Sir *Valour* dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,

Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,

Atchievements, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successes or losse, what is, or is not, serues
As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as *Vlysses* sayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Aiax is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head

In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keeps his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre

Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*
A laue, whose Gall coines standers like a Mint,
To match vs in comparisons with durt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,

How ranke soeuer rounded in with danger.
Vlyss. They take our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Counc. Wisedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-stall preference, and esteeme no acte

But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands shall strike
When sinewes call them on, and know by measure
Of their obseruant toyle, the Enemies waight,

Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,

They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the sinewes of their foules,
By Reason guide his execution.
Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse

Makes many *Thetis* tonnes. *Tucket*
Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus*.
Men. From Troy. *Enter Aeneas*.
Aga. What would you fore our Tent?

Aene. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Euen this.
Aene. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?

Aga. With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,
Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.
Aene. Faire leaue, and large security. How may

A stranger to those most Imperiall lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Aene. I aske, that I might waken reuerence,

And on the cheekes be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when the coldly eyes
The youthfull *Phaebus*:
Which is that God in office guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?
Aga. This Trojan scorne vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,

Asbending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they haue galls,
Good armes, strong ioynts, true swords, & *Iones* accord,
Nothing to full of heart. But peace *Aeneas*,

Peace I troian, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcendes.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *Aeneas*?
Aene. I Greeke, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?

Aene. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heares nought priuately
That comes from Troy.
Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,

I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To fet his sence on the attentive bent,
And then to speake.
Aga. Speake frankly as the winde,

It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houres;
That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake,

Troilus and Cressida.

He tels thee so himselfe.
Aene. Trumpet blow
Send thy Brasse voyce thrō
And euery Greeke of met
What Troy meanes faire!

We haue great *Agamemnon*
A Prince call'd *Hector*, Pri
Who in this dull and long
Is rusty growne. He bad
And to this purpose speake

If there be one among 't
That holds his Honor high
That seeks his praise, mo
That knows his Valour,
That loues his Mistris an
(With truant vowes to h
And dare avow her Beaut
In other armes then hers

Hector, in view of Trojan
Shall make it good, or do
He hath a Lady, wiser, fa
Then euer Greeke did co
And will to morrow with
Midway betweene your
To rowze a Grecian that
If any come, *Hector* shal

If none, hee'l say in Troy
The Grecian Dames are f
The splinter of a Lance:
Aga. This shall be tol
If none of them haue sou
We left them all at home
And may that Souldier a
That meanes not, hath no
If then one is, or hath, or
That one meets *Hector*; if

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*
When *Hectors* Grandfire
But if there be not in our
One Noble man, that ha
To answer for his Love;
He hide my Silver beard
And in my Vantbrace pu
And meeting him, wil te
Was fayrer then his Gra
As may be in the world
He pawne this truth with

Aene. Now heauens
Vlyss. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord *A*
Let me touch your hand
To our Pavillion shal I k
Achilles shall haue word
So shall each Lord of Gr
Your selfe shall Feast wi
And finde the welcome

Aeneas V
Vlyss. *Nestor*.
Nest. What sayes *Vly*
Vlyss. I haue a young
Be you my time to bring
Nest. What is't?
Vlyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges riue hard
That hath to this maturi